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They leave the impression of unusual merit. The editing by Dr. Charles R. King is judicious, accurate, and praiseworthy for its reserve.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

The Expeditions of Zebulon Montgomery Pike, to Headwaters of the Mississippi River, through Louisiana Territory, and in New Spain, during the Years 1805-6-7. A new edition, now first reprinted in full from the original of 1810, with copious critical commentary, memoir of Pike, new map and other illustrations, and complete index. By ELLIOTT COUES, late Captain and Assistant Surgeon, United States Army; late Secretary and Naturalist, United States Geological Survey. (New York: Francis P. Harper. Three vols., pp. cxiii, 955.)

IN March, 1804, the trans-Mississippi domain of Spain was delivered over to the United States. In August of the year following Lieutenant Pike, at the head of twenty soldiers, was despatched from St. Louis to the sources of the Mississippi. At Prairie du Chien, — the only white village on his route, — he met, in council, the Chippewas, urged them to expel whiskey-sellers, and induced them to turn back from the war-path on which they had entered against the Sioux. At the Falls of St. Anthony he bought of Indians a site he had selected for a fort, sealing the contract with sixty gallons of whiskey. At Little Falls, not far south of the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, he built a stockade and left in it seven of his command. With the rest, each four of his men drawing a sled, he pushed on to a British Fur Company's establishment on Sandy Lake, thence to another on Leech Lake, where he arrived on the 1st of February, 1806. This water he viewed, and rightly, as "the main [that is, most voluminous] source of the Mississippi." But he advanced thirty miles further north to Cass Lake.

He extorted from natives divers British medals, made British fur-traders promise that they would give them no more, and would themselves pay duties on the goods they had hitherto smuggled. On the last of April Pike and his party had descended the river and were in the camp which had been their starting-point.

Ten weeks later Pike set forth on another expedition. Its primary object was restoring to the Osages, on their great river, some fifty Osage captives redeemed by our government from Indian foes. Thence he went north to the Republican River in Nebraska, then south to the Arkansas and up it till his way was hedged up by the Royal Gorge. Turning northwest, he discovered and measured the peak that bears his name, and came upon a watercourse which he thought the Red River, but which, as he at last learned, was in fact the Arkansas. Going southward, he struck the Rio del Norte, which he believed, or said that he believed, to be the Red River. Captured by Spaniards, he was carried as a mysterious personage to Santa Fé, to Chihuahua, the provincial capital,

and at the end of four months, chiefly consumed in sluggish marches, he was escorted to the American line near Natchitoches, by a Spanish Dogberry who, doubtless, "called his watch together and thanked God that they were rid of a knave."

Pike's hairbreadth escapes from the Spanish lion, at an explosion of powder, at the burning of his tent, among hostile Indians, in cold and nakedness, above all from perils of wilderness starvation, were beyond anything save his own description. In the event of war with Spain, which was imminent, his Mexican disclosures would have been invaluable; and must have raised him at once from a captain to a general.

He had kept a daily journal even when the ink froze in his pen — and it had eluded Spanish detectives, being at last hidden in the barrels of his soldiers' guns. Each of his journeys was in a *terra incognita*, and yet one about which curiosity was keen. His first edition, of 1810, naturally found a warm welcome both abroad and at home. Nor is his work of ephemeral interest. The observations of an intelligent man in a virgin field never are. Witness the perennial popularity of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. But his writings have a tenfold charm for dwellers on the upper Mississippi and the vast Southwest.

Anticipating the curiosity that myriads must feel in their cradle era, Dr. Coues has brought out a new edition of a book well worthy of his pains. His qualifications for this labor are not likely to be again united in any single man. He has himself seen almost every scene described by Pike, in many quarters while himself serving in the army. He has made many special pilgrimages on land and water for rounding out his Pikean research. He has written in Washington and known how to cull from its archives side-lights for the obscurities of his author. He has taxed all the world that his production may lack no fulness of perfection.

But here alas, the defect — say rather the excess of his qualities. He claims to have made a reference edition of Pike. He has, but he should have left his readers to make more references for themselves. "Half is more than the whole" is as true a maxim to-day as when Hesiod declared those unwise who did not know it. No matter what store of learning or vivacity of expression, a big book is a big bore.

Pike's expeditions north and south, even with the York campaign in which he perished thrown in, did not fill two years. Now that they are blazoned in three octavos and 1068 pages, in the embarrassment of riches we feel like the child who was happy with his present of an orange in each hand, but when a third was offered him burst into tears. He had no third hand.

The new Pike has outgrown its girdle and yet it might have been easily put into circumscription and confine. There seems to have been an original sin in its make-up, — namely, an endeavor to produce tomes that would approximate in ponderosity and price to the author's Lewis and Clark. But in treating of those worthies there was constant occasion to correct, complete, or illustrate the text of the former editor from the

manuscript codices of the captains. Hence there was need of a thousand notes, while among half as many on Pike not a few are dead weight like the stone a Turkish muleteer puts in one side of his pannier to balance the load. Biographical sketches, in scores, of persons, both civil and military, whose connection, if any, with Pike was of the slightest, should have been omitted, or condensed from pages to lines.

Dr. Coues has done well in giving within brackets the scientific names of plants, animals, etc., mentioned by Pike, but his further explanations are to the average reader often *obscurum per obscurius*. A specimen is the definition of wild-rice (p. 39), too long to quote, which is a parallel to Johnson's saying that network is "anything reticulated or decussated with interstices at the intersections." After one brief note the editor says, "For the rest see any cyclopædia or gazetteer" (p. 32). He should have said so many times, — or rather his readers would have known enough to consult these and other reference books for themselves. They could look in Webster for "wind-shake" (p. 109) as well as he. Brevity, the soul of wit, would have made a desirable gain had we been spared eight pages of legal quibbles concerning the purchase of a site for Fort Snelling (p. 232) and about as many regarding the Mexican boundary and "places near it of which Pike had nothing to say" (p. 642). Several pages in proof that Pike had more than one child need not have been printed, if five words had been quoted from a letter which Wilkinson wrote him; namely, "Your *children* have been indisposed" (p. 576). It is hard to see reason for several lists of stations from railroad guides, and extracts from the exaggerations of booming towns, as where St. Paul is credited with a population of 190,000 (p. 92) [140,292 was the census of 1895].

But none of the multitudinous notes need expurgation so much as those throwing out sceptical sneers which are as much out of place as a Sabbatarian's censures on Pike's Sunday travel would have been. Thus, Pike wrote two lines in mention of an Indian deluge myth (p. 180). Coues adds thirty-six longer lines to proclaim his own disbelief in "the Noachian narration." Pike one day read Volney (p. 154). Why should Coues fill five and twenty lines with a eulogy on Volney? He must have thought he needed whitewashing. In stating that, as he thinks, the St. Croix River was not so named from the Christian cross, he talks of "the theological proclivity to suppose the name to have been given for the usual instrument of the execution of Roman malefactors, later put by the Emperor Constantine on his banner, and afterward used for other purposes" (p. 71). On the next leaf he calls an Indian burying-ground "the sacred spot hallowed by association with the deepest religious emotions of the aborigines" (p. 73). "Look on this picture, and on this!" What need to shock Catholics and Protestants alike? "This sin's not accidental, but a trade."

In cases such as we have noticed it seems a pity that Dr. Coues did not "allay his skipping spirit with some cold drops of modesty." For detailed criticisms we have no room, nor is there much need. In one

linguistic remark, however, he seems at fault. Bostonians, as an Indian name for English-speaking Americans, he traces to Lake Superior. Finding it in the Chinook of the northwest coast, he infers that "it passed from mouth to mouth across the continent" (p. 188). More probably it came round Cape Horn, and was the name by which tribes on the Columbia knew the Boston-men who discovered that river in 1792. So an army officer, more than forty years ago stationed at Fort Vancouver, assured the writer. The longest way round, the shortest way there.

On the whole, the new Pike must prove monumental. It will forever link its author with Pike's fame. Its map of Mississippi sources, and the arduous voyage into the farthest fountains, will not let us wonder that the Minnesota State Park Commissioner styled a lakelet feeding Itasca Elliott Coues, and inscribed that name upon a boulder on that utmost shore.

JAMES DAVIE BUTLER.

The First Chapter of Norwegian Immigration (1821-1840). Its Causes and Results. With an Introduction on the Services rendered by the Scandinavians to the World and to America. By RASMUS B. ANDERSON, LL.D. (Madison, Wis.: The Author. 1896. Pp. xvi, 469.)

DURING the first two centuries after the English occupation of America, scarcely any Norwegians settled here; such few as visited these shores were, so far as anything is known about them, mostly sailors. It was in 1825 that the first body of Norwegian colonists — fifty-three in number — landed in New York harbor. What had influenced them to leave their native land was, it would appear, largely dissent from the State Church, most of these immigrants being Quakers. They founded a settlement in Orleans County, New York, where some of their descendants still live. Some years later others came, and in greater numbers, mostly with a view to improving their material condition. These generally went to the West, where, by 1840, five considerable settlements had been established. Many were the hardships they endured, prosaic was often the life they led, and scant was as yet the measure of religious comfort they enjoyed.

Such, in brief, is the story that Mr. Anderson relates in this volume. That the story is worth the telling admits of no doubt, especially in view of the broader stream of Norwegian immigration which began to pour in upon and enrich the Northwest in subsequent years. The historian who would determine the influences that go to the making of American character must reckon with contributions of this kind. They are more than mere local history; they are records of people developing some of their better race-characteristics through struggles with new difficulties. For inquiring into the antecedents of Norwegian-Americans, Mr. Anderson has peculiar facilities, and to the inquiry he has devoted much time and pains. The result is a collection of much interesting information that will